McKean Miner.

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THE McKEAN MINER.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKEAN LODGE, No. 388, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

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E. H. BARD, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 161, meets every Tuesday evening in the Masonic Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, M. W.

WARLEY GIFFORD, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Monday evening at Masonic Hall.

H. W. RUBIN, N. G.

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BAPTIST.—W. C. Willer, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 6 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

EPISCOPAL.—The Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

St. *ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH*.—Rev. J. F. Sahill, pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. Service at 11 30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

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Inspectors—Jabez Beckwith, J. V. McIntyre.

Assessor—H. L. Knapp.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge.—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.

Additional Judge.—S. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.

Associate Judges.—W. S. Brownell, Smethport; F. M. Barnham, Eldred.

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Sheriff—Roswell Sartwell, Smethport.

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County Clerk—John R. Shoemaker, Smethport.

Jury Com'rs—N. C. Gallup, O. P. Coon.

Auditors—O. D. Vosburgh, J. J. Roberts, C. L. Bellows.

County Surveyor—G. H. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

Regular Meetings of Co. Commissioners.

The County Commissioners will hold regular sessions at the Commissioners Office on the first Monday of each month for the transaction of any business that may be brought before them. A special meeting will be held on the first Thursday after each court week for the settlement of county costs in Commonwealth cases.

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THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICE'S, CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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(Office over Haskill & Gifford's.)

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BACKUS & GOSTON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office:—Sartwell Block, Main Street.

C. BACKUS. SHERIDAN GOSTON.

E. L. KEENAN,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

OFFICE—Gleason's Building, nearly opposite the Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office: Miner Block, Church Street.

Smethport, Pa.

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(DISTRICT ATTORNEY,)

Port Allegany, Pa.

G. A. BERRY,

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NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER.

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Office with Esq. Brosler, over Pemberton's

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MULLIN & McCLURE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

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BROWNSPORT, PA.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Kendall Creek, Pa.

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Dealers in

Dry Goods & Groceries,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

SMETHPORT. PENN'A.

$72 [illegible]

SELECT POETRY.

AS WE GROW OLD.

As we grow old, our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We grope, as though in darkened ways
Through all that is existent.
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear
With some that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our foes are few
For friends most lately taken;
But fall—as fall the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain,
The chords of memory sweeping
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those who caught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beam so gaily,
From eyes long dimmed—and weakened sight
In answer to their wooing,
'Tis but the past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night
Are never of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasure bright
Or dark with olden sorrow,
And when we wake the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those in some long dead day,
Passed through life's sunniest portals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Their Life Problem.

BY ELOISE.

The little village of Benton looked very beautiful in the bright sunlight of that May day, so at least thought Arthur Courtnaye as he rode through the main street. Handsome, talented, rich, he had traveled all over Europe, but amidst all the grandeur of the Alps or the beauty of the vineyards of La Belle, France, he had seen nothing that had touched his soul like the quiet beauty of that little Maryland village. He soon turned out one of the roads that led to the country, as he was going to visit his father's friend, Judge Allan. By the aid of the information furnished him by a man at work by the roadside, he soon came in sight of the house. It was a very picturesque looking place, a small white cottage covered with climbing roses which nodded over the broad porch, peeped in the white curtained windows and trailed over the low roof.

When Mr. Courtnaye arrived he was heartily welcomed by Judge Allan. As they sat talking in the little sitting room he could not help wondering whose hand had draped so artistically the snowy curtains or arranged so prettily the flowers in the vases, in short what fairy presided over the house.

Soon a bright step was heard in the hall. 'Lucy, come here,' said the old man. In answer to this call a slender, petite girl came into the room—'Lucy, my daughter, this is the son of an old friend, Mr. Arthur Courtnaye.' The two men looked at the girl, one with fond pride, the other with honest admiration in his dark eyes; admiration for the dainty little figure, the sweet candid face, the truthful brown eyes and the wealth of brown hair gathered in a roll at the back of the shapely head. And to this man of the world there was a charming freshness about the girl with the simple gingham dress, with snowy ruffles at her neck and wrists, and a dainty little apron; a charm which he had found wanting in the belles of the gay capitals of Europe. Soon they were summoned to dinner, and Mr. Courtnaye's eyes kept wandering from the intelligent face of his host to the modest girl who sat at the head of the table, and to the little feminine devices scattered around the cool, fresh looking room. After dinner he accepted Judge Allan's invitation to view the farm. The evening was spent in a narration of his foreign travels, with occasionally a shy question or comment from Lucy, which showed him that the modest girl was not lacking in knowledge of the things he mentioned. Her intelligent questions when he spoke of the ruins of ancient Rome, showed that ancient history had not been only an ugly name to her. The next morning Mr. Courtnaye rose early not expecting to find any one up, but as he strolled through the garden he heard a sweet voice singing in the little arbor near the house. Walking in that direction he soon came in sight of what he considered a very pretty picture.

On a low chair sat Lucy with a large glass dish in her lap into which she was dropping strawberries as she capped them from a basket beside her.

'Good morning, Miss Lucy,' said Arthur, 'I hope I do not disturb you, but your occupation is so pleasant that I could not overcome the temptation to join you.'

'Come in, these are our first berries, have some,' and she offered him a handful of the luscious fruit. Influenced by some whim, he began to help her in her pleasant work. After breakfast Judge Allan insisted on his going to the village to be introduced to some of his father's friends, much against his inclination, for the society of the retiring little girl was more pleasant than her father's invitation. That evening Lucy having expressed her admiration of German poetry he offered to translate some of Schiller's poems for her; thus the evening passed and the next evening passed and the next evening until the days went into weeks and still Arthur Courtnaye lingered at the little vine covered cottage. He, who had received the choicest smiles of courted belles found something very sweet in the shy admiration of the little country girl; found it very pleasant to sit in the little arbor and read poetry, poetry that before had seemed insipid now had a deeper, truer meaning when read with Lucy's head bent over the page beside his own, and her sweet voice unconsciously making music of the very hard German words.

And thus as the weeks flew on Arthur Courtnaye began to learn the lesson of life—not the sad, sad lesson of loving,' but a very sweet happy lesson. One day as they sat reading in the little arbor, he gently taking the hand that turned the leaves in passionate accents told her how he had learned to love her, and begged for her love as the most precious boon earth could offer, with downcast eyes, and crimson cheeks she made him supremely happy by giving him one little shy look from her truthful eyes, and in that look he read his answer. Then they went to gain Judge Allan's blessing upon their love that had grown up so sweetly within these few charmed weeks. He was a little astonished, but frankly told Arthur that as badly as he hated the idea of losing his treasure there was no one to whom he would rather resign his daughter than the son of his old friend.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in the middle of August and after a short honeymoon at their little rose covered cottage, they would start for Europe. The weeks that intervened were very pleasant, happy ones to Arthur and Lucy.

Lucy Allan's wedding day dawned bright and clear, the whole earth seemed bright and clear, the whole earth seemed to rejoice with her in her innocent joy.

About ten o'clock Arthur came to bring her a bridal present, a casket of beautiful pearls. Then telling her that he thought evening would never come, he bid her good bye, and went down the path whistling gaily. Lucy looked after him with that proud, happy look in her eyes that had crept into them within these enchanted weeks.

Half-past seven found Lucy dressed for her bridal. The heavy white silk dress fell about her form in graceful folds, and the delicate lace veil that fell about her, made her look like some fair flower with a covering of snowy frost work. As she stood waiting for him, she went to the window, with her head leaned softly against the window frame, began to dream sweet dreams of the new life just opening before her, and the entire figure around which all others clustered was his, her god, her hero, her king. The little white figure stood motionless, with a tide of radiant moonlight over the shadowy outlines, the evening zephyrs blowing the gossamer veil around the slight girlish figure, a happy dreamy expression on her face. A step in the hall aroused her—turning, she went to the door and a little boy gave her a letter, to ordinary eyes it was simply "Miss Lucy Allan," in a manly hand on the envelope, but to her it was his writing.

With a puzzled look she tore open the envelope, as she read the puzzled expression turned to one of horror and mute despair, and on she read until at the closing words, like a frail flower before a strong wind she fell to the floor.

Five minutes later when Margaret, her old nurse, came in, she found her lying on the floor with a look of wild despair on her face; one hand pressed to her heart and in the other clutched the letter. Stopping long enough to find that she had fainted, the startled woman communicated the intelligence to Judge Allan. Hardly believing it he followed her to find her words only too true. Picking Lucy up and tenderly placing her upon the bed was the work of a moment, then unclasped the letter from her cold fingers—it was from Arthur.

"Lucy, my darling, forgive me when I tell you what has been our hope can never be! I love you, Lucy, more than I can ever tell, but long before I ever saw your sweet face I fancied I loved a New York belle, and am engaged to her! Last week I tried to undo it with her but failed. So then, my darling, we must part forever; I a maddened, embittered man. These weeks just past have been happy. Oh, so happy!

"My darling will ever be an earthly memory and a heavenly hope, worshiped in the sacred Holy of Holies of my heart. Good bye, darling. ARTHUR."

Hardly crediting his eyes the old man examined the writing and to his horror found it fac simile of that he had seen so often.

"Poor, dear little girl," and he bent over the prostrate little bride and kissed her forehead.

Let pass by the long days and weeks during which silence reigned in the little house. Lucy had awakened from her fainting spell to rave in the delirium of brain fever. Pass by the time when Lucy, only the shadow of her former self, a pale little figure began to take up the burden of life again, feeling that by the few penstrokes all the brightness had gone out of her life, leaving all blank and void.

About two months after Lucy had received the letter that had blighted her life so strangely, she was sitting in the arbor looking over the volume of poems they had read together. As she idly turned the leaves her eyes fell on a marked passage:

"I love thee, and I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee."

Then in delicate pencil marks and on the margin the initials A. and L. intertwined.

Further on:

"Forever thine whatever this world betide;
In youth in age, thine own, forever thine."

The book slipped from her hand and her head dropped on her hands on the table before her—the tide of memory swept over her, breaking down all the feeble barriers of pride and indignation she had built up during the last few weeks.

A step came up the walk and a servant handed her a paper. It was a New York paper of a few days before. As Lucy listlessly turned the pages her eyes became riveted on a paragraph that, under her burning gaze, seemed to dance before her eyes in letters of fire.

"Married on Thursday, October 28, at Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hammond, Arthur Courtnaye to Mabel, daughter of Hon. Edgar Osborn; both of this city."

She had expected to hear of his marriage, but not that he should mock her misery by sending her the paper. 'O, it is too cruel!' she said as she dashed the paper from her and began to pace wildly up and down the walk with white, wild face and her slender fingers clutched before her.

'He never loved me—never—never!' she cried and with this echo in her mind she walked faster and faster trying to drown her sorrow.

Six months dragged along—Lucy still wandered around the once happy home a restless, sad spirit—around the quiet garden and haunted arbor—haunted with memories. Lucy could not put aside her sorrow and think that her idol had been unworthy of her love—so it had been her love dream and she awoke to find her hero, her king, her god, as she fondly called him, false.

Judge Allan, saddened and embittered by Lucy's sorrow, seemed to have grown ten years older in those few months.

The family doctor, seeing that all his arts could not raise the gloom from the formerly bright face of the girl or the bowed head of the old gentleman, ordered a sea voyage and travel in a foreign land.

Lucy and her father went to New York and embarked on the America for Liverpool.

One day as Lucy lay in a hammock on deck some one came near and sat down. She turned away and tried to read the little volume of "Evangeline" she had in her hand when a quiet, manly voice made her start and grow wild with a mingling of love, joy and fear, she turned and looked at the speaker. It was Arthur Courtnaye. After feasting her eyes a moment on the still beloved features she looked at his companion. It was a lady dressed in deep mourning. She had great blue eyes, with a look of patient pleading in the clear depths, and a crown of golden hair.

She looked very childish as she sat beside him, her white hands folded in her lap. After awhile they began to talk upon some commonplace theme—never in a tender strain. Soon Mr. Courtnaye arose.

'Come, Mabel, it's time to go in.'

'His wife,' thought the trembling little listener. Lucy looked at her hand, as she paused to pick up a book she had dropped; on the third finger was a plain gold band.

Next day some one spoke to Mrs. Courtnaye. Lucy then recognized the golden haired, blue-eyed woman as Arthur's wife.

They had been to sea five days when a terrible storm arose, shattering the masts and driving the good ship about. The captain said there was no danger. But in the midst of the storm a wild cry of "fire" struck terror to the hearts that were strong and brave. The wind fed the flames, and soon the America would be wrapped in flames. The boats were lowered and the passengers began to crowd into them.

From the first alarm of fire, Lucy had fainted; her father wrapped her in a shawl and caught her in his arms, but the smoke stupefied the feeble old man, and he was sinking in despair when a man rushed up to him and took the unconscious charge.

Arthur Courtnaye—for it was he—took his burden in his arms and tried to find a boat. From the top of the shawl there floated a mass of brown curls in the air, and a wild hope came up in his heart. The sight of those curls and the pliant little form in his arms seemed to nerve him to any danger.

Finding a boat, he placed her in it and threw back the shawl, and the beloved features were disclosed to view.

Pressing warm kisses on the pale brow the colorless lips, and calling to her to speak to him.

She soon opened her eyes and exclaimed:

'Where am I? Oh, Arthur, how came you here?'

Then she fainted again. When she awoke she said more calmly:

'Why didn't you save your wife? Oh! how could you be so false?'

'My wife? What do mean, Lucy? There has, very evidently, been some mistake.'

'Then who is that lady who is called Mrs. Courtnaye and was with you on the ship?'

'Why, that is Mabel, Cousin Arthur's wife.'

'Then you were not married on Thursday, October 28d, at Grace Church, to Mabel, daughter of Hon. Edgar Osborn,' she said in a dazed kind of a way, a wild hope beginning to spring up in her heart.

'No, Lucy dear, that was my cousin; Arthur is a family name and he is dead now, and Mabel is going to Europe with me.'

'Oh! but, Arthur, the letter, oh, the letter!'

'What letter, darling?'

In answer she took from her pocket the cruel letter she had received on her wedding day nearly a year before, stained with tears.

He read it quietly and handed it back to her.

'Lucy, need I tell you I never wrote that letter?' and his voice trembled with emotion.

'Then why did you go away and leave me so cruelly!' she cried. 'Oh, there is a mystery!' and she buried her face in her hands and cried.

Soothing her gently he handed her a paper signed "Lucy Allan," and addressed to him.

It said that she had thought she loved him, but an lover was about to return from California in the early Autumn, and in conclusion said not to think her false.

'Oh, Arthur, we have both been deceived.'

'Yes, my long lost darling,' and he took the trembling little form in his arms and kissed the brown curls and pale face.

Meanwhile the little bark floated on and as the sun began to go down, and just as the night was darkening a ship came in sight. Arthur used his handkerchief for a signal, and soon they were picked up.

On the deck of the vessel stood Judge Allan, who had also been rescued by the Gladiator.

Arthur at once explained all to the anxious father. That he had received the letter and being too proud to even seek an explanation and accepted Lucy's decree.

Lover like, they decided that their life happiness should not be blighted by the malice of some enemy and merely styled the great mystery "their life problem."

Truly, "out of the heart are the issues of life," for when they landed in Liverpool Lucy's roses had began to bloom again.

When they arrived in London they went to the Clarendon Hotel and very soon were told that a sick lady wanted to see Mrs. Courtnaye and Miss Allan. They answered the summons and found the sick lady was Mabel, weak and exhausted. She, with others had been picked up.

It was a very happy marriage that was solemnized before the altar of St. Paul's church; and if the bride did wear a silver gray silk instead of the white silk she wore on her other wedding day she was happy.

Three years later, let us go back to the Maryland cottage.

Everything remains the same. On the steps stands a lady who is easily recognized as Lucy; the brown eyes have the same truthful look as of old, and the little figure, with its pretty white dress is as prettily rounded as ever, and her voice has the same musical ring as old as she tells the little girl at her feet to go and meet papa.

Mr. Courtnaye came slowly up the walk with the little girl in his arms. Just as he reached the steps little Lucy said:

'Papa, look at that man on the bench over there.'

On a bench near the gate sat a man who seemed sick and tired. Lucy ran down the walk followed by Arthur; as they bent over him he took their hands and said:

'Forgive me, I wrote the letter; I sent the papers, forgive me! Oh! say you forgive me—but I loved her! My name is John Allston; you remember me, I came home to die; and now you will forgive me for I am dying.'

Then Lucy remembered this man who lay helpless before her had loved her long ago and when that love had not been returned had vowed vengeance—Lucy told Arthur this.

The last slanting rays of the setting sun fell around the placed scene lingering fondly about the group on the lawn, making a golden hallo around Lucy's bent head, shedding a rosy light over her fluttering white dress till she looked like a forgiving spirit bending over the dying man.

'Oh, I loved her so much.' With these words upon his lips John Allston's soul went to its God, forgiven of the sin of having parted for a time two loving hearts.

As these last words came from the pale lips, Lucy dropped her head upon her husband's shoulder.

'Arthur—my husband, Our Life Problem is solved.' And so it was.

The Chinese Pig Tail.

A recent imperial edict on the subject calls attention to the origin of the pig tail, which is now the distinctive mark of a native of the flowery land. It is one of the strange phenomena of that country, where everything is so ancient, and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted, but permitted to intertwine itself so closely with the national life that it would now require forcible measures to induce the people to forego it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest, when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them, and they were even known to some of their neighbors as the "long-haired race." But when the great soldier Noorhachu marched southward from Moukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty, he gave an order to his lieutenants to compel the people, as they submitted, to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished and which were not, while the thoroughfares of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner. This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of China by a mere handful of Tartar soldiers, was continued, and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pig-tail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have been put forward, as one of the features, the intention to renew this question, which has these been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.

A turkey gobbler, of Lincoln, Ill., drove a hen from her nest and sat upon the egg until they were hatched, and is now looking after the brood of four little chickens.

A mother sparrow tumbled a little one out of its nest in a tree in Hartford, and a cat started for it. Two birds attacked the cat with so much vigor that she was compelled to retreat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

OFFICE—Over H. W. Rubin's Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of [illegible] vicinity and the county with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited to

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

LEGAL BLANKS!

All the Blanks named below are kept in stock at the MINER Office, Smethport, Pa. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly filled. Any kind of blank not noted in this list will be printed on short notice at the same price of those kept in stock.

[illegible list of blanks]

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WILLIAMSPORT, Penn'a, Feb'y 21, 1881.

All persons are hereby cautioned against [illegible]

[illegible]

(v31n41tf.) [illegible], Agent of the Trustees.

Business Cards.

Hotels.

BENNETT HOUSE.

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE SMETHPORT, PA.

This Hotel is the most centrally located one in the borough, being directly opposite the Court House, and in the center of business. It has been recently enlarged, remodeled and refurnished, and is by far the best arranged and best furnished Hotel in Northern Pennsylvania. Guests are guaranteed satisfaction.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

S. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished [illegible]

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. SOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

BENTON HOUSE.

Larrabees, Pa.

C. H. MOORE - - - Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the McK. & B. and B. N. Y. & P. RR depots. The house has been recently rebuilt and newly furnished throughout, and is now a first-class house.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR

The above House has been recently Rebuilt, Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

360 Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.,

Opposite the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ED. SEIL, - - - Proprietor.

Fillmore House,

Cor. Michigan and Carroll Streets,

Buffalo, N. Y

Rates reduced to $1.00 per day; single meal, 25 cents.

This house has been recently refurnished in the most modern style. It is centrally located, and within one block of the Erie, N. Y. C. and Lake Shore depots. Street cars pass [illegible] from all parts of the city continually.

R. SULLY - - Prop'r.

AKIN HOUSE,

COLEVILLE, PA.,

MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

A real home for the People. Rates reasonable. Our efforts are to please. Everything neat and commodious. Teams supplied from the best livery stables. Meals at all hours. Good stabling and livery.

Pierce House,

(Near B. B. & S. R. R. Depot.)

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

A. H. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Restaurant, Lunch Counter and Billiard Parlors connected. Everything new, house having been just completed. Charges very moderate.

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. Seneca and Wells Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

SCOTT HOUSE

E. L. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR,

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NORWICH HOUSE.

W. I. OVATT, Proprietor.

Norwich, Pa.

Physicians.

S. D. FREEMAN,

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office at residence, cor. Main and Nyon streets

Smethport, Pa.

E. G. BROWN

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Office and rooms over the Post-Office.

Smethport Pa.

THOS. H. CARROLL.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office in Wright House. SMETHPORT, PA.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER.

J. L. CHICHESTER,

[illegible] Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., October 6, 1881.

E. H. BARD, Editor and Proprietor.

Republican Nominations.

State Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

SILAS M. BAILY, of Fayette.

A man who from his youth up, has fought the battles of Republicanism in a region where no hope of success could add vigor and zeal to the contest, and with no reward save the consciousness of having served the cause he loved.

A man who has shielded his home at liberty and law, by service on the field of glory and of blood, who won his promotion in the glorious Pennsylvania Reserves, from Captain to Brigadier, by meritorious service on the field.

A man who stood in the red hell of battle at Fredericksville, on the Peninsula, at Thirees' Mill, with Meagher, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and the Wilderness, and who bore wherever with his blood, that he loved his country well.

He looks upon his person the rough scars left by the cruel cannon ball, and will carry to his grave the evidence of his patriotism and courage.

He is able, and worthy to lead Republicans to Victory as he led his regiments to war. *Speech of Attorney-General Palmer, in Republican State Convention.*

Judiciary.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE,

HENRY W. WILLIAMS, of Tioga.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES,

HENRY HAMLIN, of Smethport.

P. M. FULLER, of Bradford.

County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,

A. I. WILCOX, of Kendall.

FOR PROTHONOTARY, &C.,

THOS. A. MORRISON, of Smethport.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

E. R. MAYO, of Eldred.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,

F. S. JOHNSON, of Bradford.

A. T. PALMER, of Foster.

FOR AUDITORS,

A. P. BREWER, of Norwich.

W. H. WIGGINS, of Lafayette.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

The members of the Republican County Committee will meet at the Mayor's office in Bradford on Wednesday afternoon next, at one o'clock. A full attendance is earnestly requested, as business of importance will come before the meeting.

One of the first executive acts of President Arthur was the removal of the Postmaster of Deadwood for confessed complicity in the Star route contracts.

The Republican party are confronted this fall by a Noble and a Wolfe. The only battle will be with the noble. The wolfe will only be heard of by his snarling and hungry howling on the outskirts.

The controversy between the Bradford *Star* and *News* as to McKean county's influence in State politics seems to have closed. It was a draw game. Neither party were defeated, but both were very tired.

There is only one man on their ticket in this county whom the Democracy have any hope of electing, and they will trade all the rest to save him. Republicans, repudiate all propositions to trade. We can elect our whole ticket, and will do it.

The latest advices from the Republican State Committee give the most cheering reports as to General Baily's canvass from all parts of the State. Pennsylvania will not dishonor the memory of Garfield by permitting a Democratic victory this fall.

The city editor of the Bradford *Star* seems to possess a stock of choice epithets from which to draw as occasion requires. His latest sample, as applied to the *Era*, to-wit: "our enlivening contemporary," is more forcible than elegant—or gentlemanly.

There is not a man on the Republican ticket this fall, from State Treasurer to Auditor who is not entitled to the vote of every Republican in the county. McKean has a clean Republican majority and it is only necessary for every Republican to vote a straight ticket to insure the handsome election of every man on the ticket.

Never before in the history of any party in this country have more satisfactory nominations for County Commissioners been made than the gentlemen represented on the Republican ticket this fall. Messrs. Johnson and Palmer are both shrewd and experienced business men, just such men as are needed in the management of the affairs of a county of the magnitude of our own.

We do not wish to detract from the beauty and tenderness of the eulogy delivered upon Prothonotary Brawley in last week's *Reporter*, in view of his prospective retirement from office. We will admit the fact of his courtesy and (in the absence of any evidence at hand to the contrary) official good conduct in office. We will also admit the statement that through the labors of the hard-working clerks of the office there have been no unusual cause of complaint. But we fail to see how these facts, all of which could be asserted of any public officer who is not palpably unfit for office have any force or reasons why Mr. Brawley should be given another term. If so, why not for the same reason continue it a third term, and so on? He has already held one of the most profitable offices in the county, for the giving of which he had not the slightest claim upon the people of McKean county or his party, and the fact that he has held it for three years he now assumes, through his party organ, to urge as a reason why he should be allowed to hold it for another term! One can scarcely conceive of a more absurd argument.

Possession is said to be nine points of the law, but our Democratic contemporaries seem to consider it covers every point, so far as the Prothonotary's and Sheriff's office is concerned. But the people have concluded that a change in both offices would be advisable.

The Petroleum *World*, which assumes to be the organ of Charley Wolfe's political machine, call frantically upon Galusha A. Grow, Hon. Thos. M. Bayne and other respectable independent Republicans to rally to his support. He feels very sadly the need of a respectable element in his party. But so far as heard from these gentlemen have no idea of rallying to the support of such a cause.

The Star route robbers have discovered to their sorrow that they will profit nothing by the change in the head of the administration. Indeed, their last condition seems worse than the first. President Arthur insists that the prosecutions shall be pushed without fear or favor, and that no one however high in place shall be shielded. This is sad news for the thieves, and deprives the enemies of the administration of a hoped for grievance.

We are pleased to see in the last issue of the *Reporter* a favorable notice of Andrew Reilly, the Democratic candidate for commissioner from this borough. Mr. Reilly is one of our most respected citizens, and we have been sorry to see his candidacy virtually ignored heretofore by the Port Allegany organ of his party. It is very generally conceded that but one Democratic commissioner will be elected this fall and as between Mr. Reilly and his associate on the ticket he should be given the preference by his party, if for no other reason than because of his years of faithful and thus far unrewarded party service. The *Reporter* has always been very willing that Mr. Reilly should put his shoulder to the wheel and help elect the ticket, but seems to lack enthusiasm in his behalf when he is himself a candidate asking for the support of his party friends. This fact has been frequently noted, thus his friends are grateful for even a half dozen lines of faint praise though attached as a sort of postscript to a fulsome eulogy of Mr. Miller.

The Democratic candidate for State Treasurer does not find it all plain sailing in his own party in his own county. The Erie *Herald*, the leading Democratic journal of Northwestern Pennsylvania, published at the home of Mr. Noble, repudiates him and his candidacy most emphatically. In its issue of last Saturday it publishes a long double-leaded editorial declining to support Noble for State Treasurer and giving reasons therefor. The closing paragraph is as follows:

> In a word, the Democrats never made a more unfortunate nomination, as they will learn as the campaign progresses. The *Herald* wishes it could consistently support Mr. Noble, but knowing what we do of his personal and political unfitness for the office, we consider it not only our duty to oppose him, but to show the public why we oppose him. This we shall do in a series of articles.

A man of any worth or fitness whatever for a public position would certainly be recognized as such in his own home and especially by his own home political organ, and the fact that no respectable a Democratic organ as the *Herald* feels it a duty to decline the support of Noble because of his unfitness is very good evidence that there is something radically wrong about him. In the face of such evidence the Democratic organs will find it a little difficult to prove the merits of their candidate.

Thomas B. is again. The old, old Democratic bugbear is brought out and brushed up to do service again this fall, if possible. The Bradford *Telegram* is responsible for its resurrection, and the *Reporter* catches up the strain and "wants to know" you know, if Col. Wilcox is going to be elected for the benefit of somebody else. We really don't know, ourselves. Ask the Col. himself some day when you get him all alone and he will tell you all about it and relieve your anxiety. The people of McKean county know that he has always been competent to manage his own extensive business, has always done so and always will, and for that reason and for the purpose of having a change in the Sheriff's office this year as required by the constitution, they propose to put the office in his hands, and are perfectly willing to trust the execution of the business to his judgment and well known sense of the fitness of things and propriety of action. If questions such as the *Reporter* propounds are in order, we might ask, or "want to know," if, in the altogether improbable case of T. L. Bartwell's election, Hon. Bartwell will continue to be Sheriff; or will he simply change places with his son? or will it be Sam.? or Henry?—or George? or who? We might continue such questions *ad infinitum* and fail to surpass the foolishness of the *Reporter's* inquiry.

In selecting Mr. Morrison as its candidate for Prothonotary the Republican Convention exercised unusual wisdom. In experience, ability and every necessary capability for the management of the business of the office he is more than the peer of his competitor whose good qualities the *Reporter* lauds so highly. He does not present the claim that he has already held the office for three years, but as to the other items in the *Reporter's* eulogy there is no doubt that Mr. Morrison can fill the bill and even "go him one better"—not excepting the "courtesy" business. In fact, we believe that after Mr. Morrison is elected he will be able to assume, in view of his re-election, of course, a "courteous bearing" far surpassing that of his predecessor. Mr. Morrison is one of the leading members of our county bar, an industrious and successful attorney, with a wide experience in his profession. There is not a lawyer in the county, not excepting the present incumbent of the office, who is better posted as to the duties and duties of the Prothonotary's office than he, or more capable of filling every requirement of the position. He is an earnest, working Republican, and a soldier who has left one arm on the battlefield in the service of his country, and it would be a shame if any Republicans should vote against him for no other reason than because his competitor is a "good fellow" and wants another term of office.

Democratic organs are preparing in advance for an indiscriminate abuse of President Arthur, by insisting with iteration and reiteration that the President is certain to make a wholesale change in his Cabinet, and that if there are any changes it will be an insult to the sensitive feelings of the nation and result in a terrible state of affairs. But what is the poor President to do in the face of these woful predictions and the evident fact that some of the members of the present Cabinet will insist upon the acceptance of their resignations as soon as the President has matters well enough in hand to be able to fill their places without any jar in the governmental machinery. Secretary McVeagh has already stated that his formal resignation was "not a form but a fact," and that while feeling the utmost confidence in the President he felt that it was due to him that he should be surrounded by advisers of his own choosing. It is also very probable that the sad incidents of the last few months will render the retention of his portfolio and the routine duties of his department very distasteful to Secretary Blaine, and that he will insist upon the acceptance of his resignation or at the least accept an exchange to some foreign post of honor commensurate to his abilities and dignity where he can at the same time perform honorable services for his country and recuperate his health and energies so fully taxed by the exhaustion and strain of the past exciting months. This is among the very reasonable probabilities, and its occurrence will excite no adverse comment among sensible men. Our democratic friends will do well to spend no sleepless nights and borrow no trouble about the conduct of President Arthur's administration or any possible and unavoidable changes in his Cabinet. He has the fullest sympathy and support of every member of the present cabinet, and should any changes become necessary or expedient we feel assured they will be made with their cordial consent and approval.

General Baily and the Coming Election

General Silas M. Baily, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, is in this city. The General looks a trifle older and stouter than he did in the old war times when he was colonel of the 8th Pennsylvania Reserves, but is a young man yet and full of vigor. No better candidate could possibly have been selected for the state treasurership than Gen. Baily. He is honest, brave, thoroughly competent and a man that every good Republican in the State can vote for without fear of afterward regretting it. If ever a man deserved well of his fellow-citizens for brave and honorable public service, quietly and modestly rendered, General Baily is that man. There was a time—has it gone by?—when it was felt to be an honor to vote for a man with a military record like General Baily's. He faced death on many hard fought battlefields and never flinched. He never shirked a duty or a danger. A thorough soldier, he never sought preferment, either civil or military, but during the war rose legitimately by his merit, and at its close quietly laid aside his sword and resumed his civil occupation in his quiet home among the hills of Fayette county, where he was sought out and selected as a proper and competent man to have the custody of the treasure of our State. The office sought the man, not the man the office. If the Republican convention had selected some man of less ability and merit than General Baily there might possibly have been some excuse for a third candidate in this campaign; but, in view of the Republican candidate and his record, the candidacy of Mr. Wolfe, supported by the dissatisfied, disaffected and disappointed, is uncalled for and improper. It will, however, be an uphill business to make the people believe that they are doing an improper or a dangerous thing in voting for a man like Baily. Of course the only objection that they can bring forward against him is the old threadbare one of "Oh, he's Cameron's choice—was selected by the ring"—and is a representative of "bossism." That there is no truth in this is of course known to every man who has full knowledge of the facts, but many have not this knowledge, and it is consequently hoped that such may be drawn or frightened out of the party lines by the frantic appeals of the small but would-be select company of political saints who of late seem to be assuming to represent all the virtue in the Republican party, or perhaps in both parties, in the city and State. If an objectionable man, by hard work and energy happens to secure a nomination, a howl is at once raised by these people. There! See the kind of a man "the machine" is forcing upon the people!" When, just on the contrary, a first-class man, unexceptionable in every respect, thoroughly honest, honorable and competent is selected as a candidate for any office, then it would seem as if this truly good combination should be rejoiced and join in the general effort to elect such a man, to show their approval of that class of candidates. Not at all. They will abuse that man worse than the other, believe they are done with him and swear by all that is great and good that he is infinitely more dangerous than the other fellow. We don't profess to know the inside workings of Senator Cameron's mind, but it must make a pretty tough job of it for him to work for the success of the Republican party in this State if he and his friends try, in doing it, to satisfy the whims of all these irreconcilables. But Senator Cameron and every other man who has the good of the grand old Republican party at heart, and who has ever worked for its success, has long since ascertained that there is no use in trying to satisfy men whose purpose is not to be satisfied, but who are Republicans, Democrats, Reformers, Independents, by turns, that is, [illegible] influence, office or [illegible] New Jersey, call plotting over [illegible] and all the restless, dissatisfied, [illegible], crabby elements in the State or in the nation rush to their standard. It was so in Lincoln's time, it was so in the Garfield campaign and probably always will be so to a greater or less extent. While there is probably no remedy for the organization of such political menageries, yet their work may be as dangerous as Guiteau's bullet, and the only way to successfully meet and defeat them is to show the people plainly the great danger of listening to their councils or following their advice. Infinitely better that here and there a mistake should be made or even a dishonest man steal a few dollars, or a Republican "boss" endured for a time, rather than that Republican defeat should be secured and control gained by these howling dervishes of politics. Nothing suits the Democracy better than these efforts to weaken or defeat Republican success. It is a safe rule for every good Republican to always act exactly opposite to all the advice kindly bestowed upon him or his party by Democratic or alleged "Independent" friends. The complacency with which the modern Democratic or "Independent" editor can ladle out advice, wholesale or retail, to Republicans, can only be equaled in colossal coolness by an Arctic iceberg. All that is necessary to Republican success in this city and State this fall is common sense, hard work and a deaf ear to all misrepresentations which may be made by the opponents of the Republican party. Adhere to the party, vote the regular Republican ticket and you will vote right and secure victory.—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

A Williamsport Organ Denounces Noble

As our readers will see to-day the Democratic convention, which convened here yesterday, has nominated Mr. Orange Noble, of Erie, for state treasurer. This is a bad nomination and smells very much like "monopolies," which are a ruin to the Democratic party. It is a mystery to us why the Democratic party will continually bring such men into the field that have interests in the Pennsylvania railroad company. Has our party no men that are entirely free from the monopoly of monopolies? If not, it is time we dissolve the Democratic party and give place to a better one. Mr. Noble was the weakest candidate of the fourteen, as far as the people were concerned; but after all, he had to be nominated, because the Standard oil company and the Pennsylvania railroad demanded it. We place Mr. Noble's name at our masthead, as we do not wish to be considered a "bolter," but will not say anything in his favor until we are convinced that Mr. Noble is cleared of all these charges.—*Susquehanna Zeitung, Dem.*

The New York State convention was held in the city of New York yesterday. The proceedings throughout were harmonious, and the following ticket was nominated:

Secy of State—Gen. James B. Carr.
State Comptroller—Irl Davenport.
Attorney General—Leslie W. Russell.
State Treasurer—Jas. W. Husted.
State Engineer—Silas Seymour.
Judge of Appeals—Francis M. Finch.

Teachers' Institute.

As was previously announced through the columns of the MINER, the McKean County Teachers' Institute convened on Monday of this week. The attendance was so large that the Baptist Church was secured for holding the meetings, the rooms in the Academy being inadequate.

Superintendent Campbell had secured the services of several gentlemen from other counties, all good talkers and instructors. Prof. Farmer, Principal of the Smethport High School, also rendered valuable assistance. The full proceedings will be published next week.

Prof. Farmer delivered the address of welcome, which we print in full below:

> FRIENDS AND FELLOW TEACHERS:—The value of a good school system is recognized throughout the civilized world. Even the monarchies of Europe have discovered that they must provide for the education of the people or lose their standing among the nations. England distributes millions annually on the basis of $4.00 for each pupil who passes a given examination. By compulsory and universal education Germany has risen to the first ranks, changed the map of Europe, and shaped the destiny of a continent. France, splendid, wayward, changeable France,—theater of the bloodiest scenes in the book of time—has at last established a republic which promises to be permanent, for its first care has been to provide for the education of the common people.
>
> Spain, once the foremost nation of the earth with its fertile Netherlands in the east and its mines of silver and gold in the west, has stood motionless during the progress of three centuries and lost its proud place in the family of nations; while the little republic of Switzerland, planted among monarchies, has flourished a thousand years by laying the foundations of the state in the intelligence of its citizens.
>
> If we compare the nations of the new world or the states of our own government, we shall always find that wealth, prosperity and power are in a direct ratio to the intelligence of the people. South Carolina is larger and more favored by nature than Massachusetts. Massachusetts expends $25 per capita yearly on her children of school age; South Carolina, scarcely anything. The manufactured articles of Massachusetts amount to 350 millions annually; those of South Carolina are nothing in comparison. Every intelligent observer will testify to the marked difference between the people of the two sections in everything that makes up the greatness of a state. A gentleman, well known in this county, claims that he can distinguish the railroad train which comes from the Bay State because the passengers have a certain nobility of mien which others do not possess.
>
> Studies strengthen youth, delight old age, adorn prosperity, and afford a refuge and comfort in adversity. Nothing else is appropriate to all times, to all conditions, to all ages and places. They delight us at home, improve us abroad, are with us through the day, and do not forsake us at night.
>
> "These privileged men have harmonized mankind, softened the rude, and ennobled the boisterous mind." By means of

MISCELLANEOUS.

Executor's Notice.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM HOWARD, [illegible] Letters testamentary [illegible] having been granted to the undersigned on the above estate, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement without delay.

R. C. HOWARD, Executor.

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Ellen, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account.

ANDREW J. BOOTH.

Smethport, Pa., September 27, 1881. 43-3t.

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Hannah A., has left my bed and board without reasonable cause or provocation, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account.

ELIAS W. HINDS.

Sweet Valley, Sept. 26, 1881. 43-3t.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, for the construction, maintenance, and operation of a railroad from the terminus of Pennsylvania Railroad, in Olean, Lansdowne, Pleasantville, Bradford, Hamilton, Smethport, Keating, Port Allegany, Wetmore, Sheffield, Pittsfield, Lewis Run, Mount Jewett, Bradley, Wyoming, Rockton, Mount Pleasant, Mount Jewett, Lafayette, Lodge, Bucks, Lafayette, Hazlehurst, Kane, Mount Jewett, Bradley, Hazlehurst, Quebec, Kane, Mount Jewett, Bradley, Hazlehurst, Quebec, Kane, Warren, Endeavor, Crawford, Venango, Clarion, Armstrong, Westmoreland, Allegheny, Washington, Fayette, and some of Somerset, Maryland and Greene, Pa., and those of Pennsylvania, and for those purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, immunities, and privileges conferred by the said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

READE & PETTIT, Solicitors.

43-3t. 1st Wednesday, Plaintiff plea.

INVENTORS address EDGAR [illegible], Attorneys at Law and Patent Solicitors, 527 Seventh St., Washington, D. C., for instructions. Moderate terms. References and advice sent free. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Inventions, how secured, and when rejected, how to alter or handle a questionable. Caveats entered. Upon receipts of models or sketches and descriptions we give our opinion as to patentability, free of charge. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to the Commissioners. Established 1856. 43-4t.

How-When-Where-Why

HOW ?

Put money in your purse and come to my store where you can buy goods cheap.

WHEN ?

Any time.

WHERE ?

At my store in Colegrove. I invite examination and inspection.

WHY ?

That's the question. Why buy of me? Well, because in justice to yourselves, friends and families.

Goods are all Marked in Plain Figures.

I can sell you better Goods and Cheaper than any other dealer in this Valley.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

Colegrove, Pa., Sept. 20, 1881.tm.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who want to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. This is key and operate a money maker without moving away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 5-1

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions, by which you can commence work at once and make money fast. You should have some leisure time to spare from your other business. Every hour you can devote to work will bring you in a good profit. Many are making fortunes at the business. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time, and make a great deal. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 5-1 y.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that on Monday, February 14th will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk,

At 6 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 31, 1881-tf.

MILLINERY GOODS

LATEST

Fall and Winter

STYLES.

Ladies' Gauze Underwear, Plat Basting, Veiling, Knitting Silk, Worsted & Notions.

All orders promptly executed with neatness and dispatch. Patronage solicited to please.

Miss E. CARSON.

Store door to Gallup's new brick store, up stairs, Main street, Smethport, Pa. 43-3m

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

At Exchange Hotel Barn, near M.K. & B. R. R. depot.

FRED HOUSER, Proprietor.

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs at Reasonable Rates.

43tf.

SOLDIERS !

[illegible] CHASE, corner Third and [illegible] streets, Washington, D. C., solicitor for Pensions and Claims, Patents and Copyrights, Trade Marks, Decisions rendered in favor of claims rejected by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Pensions, Claims, Land warrants, Letters of Administration, Homestead applications prosecuted rapidly. 42-6t

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. [illegible] MARBLE FACTORY,

ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order.

WHY DO YOU

the going from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And my work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Rosebrook and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MY SHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 26, 1880

MANHOOD

How Lost. How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. We have also a new cure for Tape Worm.

Address the Publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 4586. 6-4 y.

New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.

Smethport, March 10, 1881.—y1.

A. REILLY,

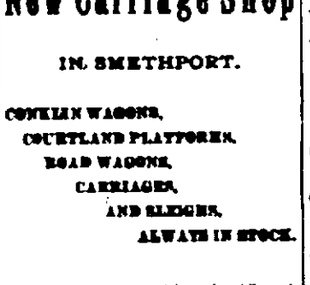
Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME,
LATH,
PLASTER and
PLASTERING HAIR,

Furnished at the LOWEST RATES.

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered. Thereby escape begging poverty from your door. Many who are worth millions to-day started poor, some with less than you have now. Capital not necessary, you can begin in your spare moments, or all the time. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and start you free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the business, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 5-1 y.

GET THE BEST!



LEAD ALL OTHERS!

Every Style & Price.

Guaranteed Unequaled

IN

OPERATION,
ECONOMY,
DURABILITY and
WORKMANSHIP.

Improvements and Specialties found in

Manufactured by

PUTNAM STOVE WORKS,

Smethport, Pa.

For sale by all dealers throughout the United States.

For sale by E. A. Gleason, dealer in general hardware, Smethport, Pa. 6tf.

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES.

School Books, Blank Books.

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT

THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

OF

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

LARGE GREENHOUSE,

has more plants than ever, and finer.

Winter Blooming Plants

IN MANY VARIETIES.

Cut Flowers to Order or in Designs.

LIVERY

and

Exchange Stables

At The Wright House Barn.

FRANK VICKERY, Proprietor.

Persons desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Sables

F. O. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDEVANT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his barber shop into the recently furnished and commodious rooms in the Prentiss building, directly opposite to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

in the latest style of the art. Three first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, FINE—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA.

L. W. MASON

Is daily receiving some of the finest HEATING STOVES ever brought into Smethport, which he is selling not below cost, but for a small per cent. for cash.

SHELF GOODS.

A full line of shelf goods usually kept in a hardware store, and sold at the lowest possible price.

Step into Mason's and examine the RANGES manufactured by Quimby, Perry, Troy, N. Y. They are the finest in the market.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., October 6, 1881.

HERE AND HEREABOUTS.

—Wall paper at Specht & Shaad's. 39-tf.

Pay your taxes on or before Saturday next.

Every boy in town has his particular school ma'am.

Do not lose your vote by neglecting to pay your taxes this week.

Choice family groceries at low prices at F. C. Olds', Farmers Valley, Pa.

Remember that you must pay your taxes on or before Oct. 7, or you can't vote.

Winchester rifles and Champion shot guns sold by F. C. Olds, Farmers Valley, Penn'a.

A good line of boots and shoes to be found at F. C. Olds', Farmers Valley, Penn'a.

The celebrated Akron Falls flour always on hand at F. C. Olds', Farmers Valley, Pa.

The dwelling house of Robt. H. Ross has been recently repainted and looks the better for it.

—Robert H. Ross returned from his western trip looking as though his trip agreed with him.

If any one wishes to see any colder nights than the past two have been his blood must be awfully heated.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes in reliable makes only, will be found at Messrs. R. O. Smith & Co.'s, Olean, N. Y.

Ask to see the 25 and 30 cent full regular made Balbriggan hose at Messrs. R. O Smith & Co.'s. They are 10 cents a pair less than value.

M. L. Armstrong furnished the silverware for the Grand Central Hotel. It can't be beat. If you wish silverware do not fail to call on Mart.

Ramer, the milk vendor, has raised the price of the article to six cents per quart. His customers will not complain so long as he sells the genuine stuff.

—A. P. Brewer, not A. T., is the nominee for Auditor on the Republican ticket. Will those papers that have the initials wrong please correct?

—After Saturday of this week, Oct. 8th, it will be too late to pay your tax and save your vote. Let Republicans attend to this matter at once.

—W. W. Brewer has leased the Nelson Hotel on Howard Hill and taken possession of the house. Wallace will make an obliging landlord and no doubt prosper in his new calling.

—All kinds of bleached and brown Cottons, Prints, Cambrics and domestic goods of all descriptions will be found at the *right* prices at Messrs. R. O. Smith & Co.'s, Olean, N. Y.

Warren, Pa., and Little Valley, N. Y. have been visited by destructive fires within the past few days, the former being damaged to the amount of $66,000 and the latter $17,000.

Our Washington letter and some communications are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. They will appear on the outside of next week's paper. A full report of the Teachers' Institute will also be given.

M. L. Armstrong is receiving a full assortment of watches and clocks for the fall trade. Call and see something new and get his prices. Ask for the $25 stem winding and setting Columbus watch. It beats the world.

The Bradford Sunday *Star* made its first appearance on the 2d inst. It was well received and a paying investment for the news-boy. The paper was neatly printed, its make-up tasty, and everything about it looked bright and healthy.

The temperance meetings will continue this week at the Baptist Church. Sunday afternoon and evening, and every evening next week in the Kittredge Opera House. Mr. and Mrs. Will J. McConnell will conduct the exercises.

In the lines entitled "One Year Ago To-day," which appeared on the first page in last week's issue, the line reading "suffering day," should have read suffering clay, and the third line, last verse, should read Father, thy hand will raise me, etc.

A barn belonging to Alfred Gallup, who resides about two miles from Smethport, on Potato creek, burned yesterday. It was filled with hay and grain, all of which was entirely consumed. There was no insurance upon the barn or its contents, and the loss to Mr. Gallup must be quite heavy.

The lecture of Prof. Thompson, of Warren, delivered at the Baptist Church Tuesday evening, was an intelligent address in every sense of the word, and could more parents who have school-going children heard it and profited by its teachings, more harmony would be the result in our public schools.

It is reported that the Bradford, Bordel & Kinzua railroad, and the Olean, Eldred & Cuba road have been purchased by a New York syndicate. A number of thousand acres of coal lands near Clermont are included in the sale, it is stated. Whether the rumor has any truth we are unable to say, but if ascertained will give our readers the facts.

At the great Eldred fire on Friday morning last, our young friend T. L. Bartwell was again a heavy loser. We say again, for it is only a few years since he was burned out in the same town, losing his all, and now the same thing has occurred the second time. There is room for more drug stores in Smethport, Jewel and we advise you to come to a town that is supplied with water works.

—Great interest is centered in the coming match game of ball between the Chicago and Cleveland clubs at Bradford on Saturday afternoon next. Those from this vicinity wishing to see the game and get home the same day can do so, as the train will not leave Bradford for Smethport until 6 o'clock that evening.

—A revolver in the hands of one of Vickery's employees was accidently discharged on Monday, the ball entering the fleshy part of Vic's leg below the knee. The ball was extracted by Dr. Carroll. We see no reason why Vickery cannot apply for a pension now—if he has the "cheek"—and he probably has or he could not run a livery stable successfully.

—Flannel Suitings in all the new shades at from 25 to 87 cents a yard. Full lines of Worsted Brocade at 50 cts., worth 75, 40 inch Brocade at 35 cts., that are worth 55 cts., 46 inch colored Cashmeres at 35 cts. worth $1.00 and Black Cashmeres at from 10 to 25 cts. a yard less than regular prices will be found at Messrs. R. O. Smith & Co., Olean, N. Y.

—"How is your man?" is a new book just issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. It is designed to show up this grave yard insurance business which is conducted so extensively in this State; that fraudulently robs the people and robs the poor of their hard earnings. It is written up in a very interesting way, and portrays some of the incidents connected with the cause that very plainly illustrates "man's inhumanity to man."

—It is rumored that W. H. Vanderbilt, in order to obtain a western outlet from Philadelphia, is contemplating the building of a road to connect Antrim, Tioga county, with Williamsport, a distance of fifty miles. By this means the New York Central will, by its connection with the Wellsboro and Lawrence, and Hornellsville and Pine Pine Creek branches, have a continuous route from its main line to Williamsport and thence by the Catawissa branch of the Reading to Philadelphia.

—A beautiful line of Mantles and Dolmans, costing from $5.00 to $75.00 each, are now on sale in our Cloak Department. None but the newest styles are shown by us. All wool Diagonal Garments, costing from $11.00 to $75.00, in black and light shades of grey and brown. Silk Mantles, Wraps and Circulars at from $45.00 to $75.00 will be found in large varieties. Early selections in these goods are often the most desirable as many of the best styles cannot be found later in the season. R. O. SMITH & Co., Olean, N. Y.

—On the first page of the Buffalo *Express* appeared, on the morning after the announcement of the death of President Garfield, a memorial tablet. It was a very neat piece of work and attracted the admiration of all. The demand for extra copies was so large they printed a large number of half sheets containing the first page in full to supply the wants of the people. Besides this they have issued the memorial on heavy Bristol card board, with mourning tint and border. It is very neat indeed and suitable for framing. Newsdealers have it for sale.

—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Fuller, wife of Associate Judge P. M. Fuller, died at the family residence, Tibetts avenue, at an early hour yesterday morning. Mrs. Fuller had been indisposed for a long period of time by a complication of diseases. She has long been a resident of the Tuna valley and was generally known and highly esteemed among the older residents. Her age at the time of her death was forty-three years, nine months and eight days. Funeral services will be held in the Universalist church, Friday, at 2 p. m., Rev. Mr. Brunning officiating. The remains will be interred in the DeGolier cemetery.—*To days Era.*

—This evening and every evening during the remainder of the week the Sterling Comedy Company at the Opera House. Miss May Roberts is the leading lady of the troupe and she is supported by a superb company of stars. It is a fact that Miss Roberts ranks as a standard and brilliant actress. She has appeared before the play going people of our village and was always greeted with applause. Her appearance this time no doubt will meet with the same welcome reception that greeted her on her previous visit. They have a full brass band, which will discourse sweet music just before the opening of the entertainment, and the orchestral music is pronounced very fine.

—The carpet stock of Messrs. R. O. Smith & Co.'s is one of the largest in the State. They carry none but the best makes and name the lowest possible prices on carpets of every description. New and desirable fall patterns in large varieties are now on sale. Oil clothes, Linoleums and Mattings of all descriptions are constantly on hand. They are showing a beautiful line of new Lace Curtains at from $1.00 to $75.00 a pair. New patterns in Cretonnes Jutes and raw Silks are found in large variation in this stock. A complete line of plain and decorative Wall Papers is on this floor together with a full line of curtain Poles and Cornices. They employ one of the best decorative paper hangers in the State and employ none but competent workmen in their carpet and upholstery departments. Estimates will be cheerfully given on all kinds of work.

—Our new Fall Stock is now open in all Departments and is very complete in every respect. In Dress Goods and Trimmings will be found a large variety of new and desirable styles at prices that cannot fail to meet the approval of our customers. The Linen and White Goods stocks are full of attractive goods that are necessary to every household and ladies' toilet Flannels and Blankets are largely represented, anticipating the cold weather that is sure to come. Domestics in immense varieties and at the very lowest prices. Hosiery and Underwear is a specialty with us, and well deserves particular attention. Our Carpet, Wall Paper and Upholstery stock is one of the largest in the State. Ladies' Misses' and Children's' Shoes are fully represented and all of the best makes are constantly in stock. Our well known "one-price system" is a guarantee that all will receive the same treatment under all circumstances. We will pay all R R visit the Mammoth Dry Goods store of R. O. Smith & Co., Olean, N. Y., before making their fall purchases.

—Very attractive goods in white goods and trimmings will be found on our white goods counter. We have several styles at 10, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cents that are remarkably cheap and good. Irish trimmings in eight different styles at from 15 to 50 cents apiece are selling very largely. The largest line of Hamburg edges in Western New York will be found in this fine stock. Splendid values at 12, 12½, 15, 20, 23, 40, 50, 75, 1.00 and 1.50 a yard. All the new laces together with full assortment of white and black Spanish laces are now in stock. If not able to give this stock a personal inspection, send for samples. R. O. Smith & Co., Olean, N. Y.

Important to Travelers.

Special inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. 44-3m.

For Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public auction at his shop, on Friday, Oct. 14, 2 o'clock p. m., a coat and vest belonging to Dr. M. J. Earley and two coats, two vests and a pair of pants left at his shop by Wm. Morrisy. The above goods were left with me for repairing and cleaning, and as they have not been called for will be disposed of according to law.

JAS. McNULTY,
Smethport, Sept. 30, 1881. 3-4.

Committee Meeting.

The meeting of the Republican Committee at the Court House on Tuesday was not so well attended as we hoped it would be. However, several of the townships and boroughs were represented and a general interchange of opinions regarding the campaign had. The reports from every district were very favorable, and little doubt seemed apparent among those present that the whole ticket would be elected. The meeting adjourned to meet at the Mayor's office in Bradford on Wednesday next at one o'clock p. m., when it is hoped there will be a full representation.

That Fence.

To the Editor of The Miner:

I am bothered so often with the inquiry why that fifteen-foot wall is being constructed on the west side of Callar's drug store. I will avail myself of the opportunity of informing all inquiring through the columns of your valuable paper: It is simply to obstruct from my view the face of the blushing bride and the pretty form of Dr. Freeman when taking a friendly meal with the happy pair, and not as has been stated by the Dr. for the benefit of patients. As the Dr. and every one else acquainted with the location of the Doctor's office, know that one small paper window curtain would screen the window in his patients' room from all view from outside.

adv. MRS. R. KEARS.

No Opposition at Home.

Judge Williams seems to have no opposition in Tioga, and the Democracy of the other counties would do a graceful and creditable thing by following the example set by their Tioga brethren. The Democrats of the county in which the Judge resides having declined to nominate a candidate, the *Times* says: "The Tioga county Democrats seem to know a thing or two. They nominated a full ticket for county offices at their convention yesterday, but declined to make any nomination in opposition to Judge Williams, who will be deservedly re-elected. The Democrats of the other counties of the district should display a good judgement shown by their brethren in Tioga.

Eldred's Big Fire.

Between two and three o'clock Friday morning last, the entire business portion of Eldred was destroyed by fire. It was first discovered issuing from the cellar of W. G. Robert's store in the Opera House block, and within a short time things had gotten under such headway that all hopes of saving the town were lost. The buildings were one and two story hemlock structures and dry as tinder. The fire spread across the street from the Opera House and ignited a building belonging to Miss Varnum, and then commenced its devastating work on both sides of the street. It made rapid work and very little attention was paid to saving the buildings, but every effort was made to remove stock and personal property to a place of safety.

The losses are quite heavy and some of them more severely felt than others. A large number of the victims had no insurance whatever and everything was burned, leaving them entirely destitute. The total loss will reach $100,000. It is a sad blow to Eldred for she was just in her prime. However, her business men are enterprising and will no doubt soon have buildings under headway that will far surpass the former structures, when completed.

Personal.

—Frank Taylor, of Bradford, is perambulating about the village.

—Rev. Wagener is attending Conference at Bradford this week.

—Misses Emma and Genie Hamlin returned from an extended visit to Silver Lake, last week.

—Lester, of the Evening *Telegram*, and Bradshaw of the *Era* made us a pleasant call yesterday.

—W. F. Peck, of the Evening *Star*, is spending a few days in town. Will is cheerful, yet he seems to wear a sort of saddened look.

—J. S. Seward, of Kendall, and who has resided in the county for forty years, made us a pleasant call the other day. He is a farmer this week.

—Mr. A. L. Chantley, of Rew City, was secured to act as Secretary during the session of the Teachers' Institute. No better choice could have been made.

—In answer to a telegram from Brookville, announcing the serious illness of Paul Darling, Mrs. Dr. W. Y. McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin started for that place on Tuesday.

—G. W. King, who for some time past has been a patient in the Hinden Surgical Institute, has returned home. He was fast losing his eyesight when he went away, but has been entirely cured, we understand.

—Mr. A. T. Kinney, special examiner of the United States Pension Bureau, made us a pleasant call to-day. "Lant" looks as though public life agreed with him, and we are certain Uncle Sam has in his employ no more faithful and energetic worker.

...G COLUMN.

Keep cool, if you can, and do not get excited, while you read the advertisement of Warley Gifford, Smethport,, but read carefully and then come and see for yourself that I mean to sell goods *cheap for cash.*

Do not ask me for long credit, for you may get bounced. I am determined that cash shall have the preference. Live and let live is my motto.

Some may say that goods cannot be sold in this town *for cash* or cash prices, but you can just put the old girl on the sled and haul her into my store and see for yourself.

If you do not come and make our acquaintance before purchasing elsewhere, you will want to go to bed with your boots on so that when you wake up in the night you can kick yourself for being such a fool.

You may think this is all what smoke, but where there is smoke there must be some fire. You just drop in and see and convince yourself that I sell good goods *cheap for cash.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches,

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

GO TO THE

Marble Front Store !

SMETHPORT, PA.,

TO BUY YOUR

DRY GOODS!

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes.

W. D. GALLUP,

PROPRIETOR.

BROWN'S

IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER, A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heart in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—sent free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

JEWELRY

of all descriptions.

SILVER-WARE

The Best Made.

POCKET CUTLERY

A Full Assortment.

SPECTACLES

AND

EYE-GLASSES

TOYS,

And all Goods in my line for which I will pay Highest Cash Prices.

I Will match the

'ROCKFORD'

against the World for time and money

All Kinds of

REPAIRING

a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.

Call and See us.

M. L. Armstrong,

MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA

PLUMBING

Gas and Steam Fitting

All the citizens of Smethport are about to introduce water into their stores.

IRLBACKER & DAVIS,

No. 503 Main Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

—AND—

IRLBACKER, DAVIS & CO.,

No. 144 Union Street,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Offer their services to do anything desired in the line of Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting, guaranteeing the best possible work and materials at the lowest possible prices.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

A FACT!

Fresh Goods are Every Day Received at

H. L. WILSON'S STORE,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.,

For the benefit of those who PAY CASH and get great bargains in all kinds of

CHOICE

Family Groceries,

PROVISIONS, ETC.

ALSO

HAMS, BUTTER & EGGS ALWAYS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

TEAS, COFFEES, FRUITS, WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE.

Remember the place—the Wombat Store.

20-tf. H. L. WILSON.

AGENTS WANTED for Dr. Life-Sketches of our Martyred President

GARFIELD!

By Rev. Dr. Deems of New York. Full, with our Blessed of American Progress. Big Books to sell. Act A No. 1 Work for Scholars, Library or Christian Homes. J. B. PEARY, 30 Beekman St., New York. 44-4t.

PE-RU-NA

MAN A IN

For Sale by A. B. Armstrong. Oct6-1y

BRIDES AND GROOMS.

SIGNS BY WHICH THE HOTEL CLERK KNOWS THEM AND FOR WHICH THEY PAY.

"To watch the newly married couples who travel is one of the compensations of our arduous life," said an old hotel clerk the other day.

"How can you tell whether they are newly married or not?" inquired the Sun reporter to whom this remark was addressed.

"Tell them?" ejaculated the clerk; "I can pick them out as easily as if they carried signs, 'We are just married.'"

"Yes; but how?"

"Well, in the first place, they are always most abundant in the fall and winter. I don't know why it is, but such is the fact. One of the signs of a newly married couple is their quick and span new clothes. Somehow, when people get married, they generally get as many new clothes as possible. The bride and groom have new hats and new trunks and new dusters. Then, again, they spend more freely. When a man is on his honeymoon he generally feels as if he ought to be generous. He has a grateful sort of spirit and throws his money around as if he wanted to show that the world had used him well. He has put by his money for the occasion, and is not afraid to spend it. He is specially anxious that the bride shall eat and drink of the best. He must have a room with a private parlor, and not up-stairs very far, and with a good view. Sometimes he is a little chary of asking for these things, but when we suggest them he always says 'Yes.' Of course it is a part of our business to suggest them. We consider that we have the same right to pluck a newly-wedded couple as an undertaker has to pluck bereaved relatives."

"Do they behave differently from other people?"

"I should—well, yes. The husband does not run off to the bar room or billiard room, as the old married men do. When the old married arrive you may be certain that the first thing the husband does is to take a drink or lounge about the billiard tables, telling his wife that he has some business to attend to."

"Are newly-married people bashful?"

"That depends. The widowers and widows don't mind it, but the young people are a little coy. At Niagara Falls we had most of the new couples late in the season, when the regular boarders had left. I have seen as many as a dozen at a time file into the dining-room trying to look as if they had not been married yesterday, but casting furtive glances about to see if they were suspected. The men were specially watchful lest somebody should be ogling the ladies. One day I thought we should have a fight in the dining-room. A strapping big fellow from the West in a new suit of store clothes sat down to the table with his bride, a buxom brown eyed beauty. She looked so fresh and rosy that she could not but attract attention, and she got it. Every gentleman in the room took more than one look at her, and she knew it. Of course she did not object. But the man began to get angry. He did not like to speak to the bride about it because she was evidently not displeased. Finally he got up and walked to the nearest man whom he had observed, and said:

"'Look here, stranger, I'd like to know what you are staring at my wife for?'

"'Your wife! Allow me to congratulate you, my dear fellow. You have got the finest wife in the city,' said the gentleman addressed. 'The fact is, I thought she was your sister. Excuse me if I was rude; but if you don't want people to look at your wife you really must never take her out in public. No offense meant, sir.'

"The bridegroom went back to his place, but he took good care at the next meal to put his wife with her face to the wall."

"Which do you think take to the new conditions most gracefully?"

"Women by all odds. The men are always betraying themselves. They want to talk about it; they are full of the subject. Women are more artful, and have more adaptability to new circumstances. But, with all their arts, they can't deceive the old hotel clerk, and it is very seldom that we don't turn in a few dollars extra to the house on account of our knowledge."

"Another peculiarity of the newly-married couples who go to hotels," continued the clerk, "is that many of them live in the city. They always come equipped for a long journey. They have left the wedding guests with the announced intention of taking a long journey, conspicuously displaying, perhaps, their railroad tickets, and have been driven by way of the depot to a first-class hotel previously selected. I know one case where a bridal couple, to avoid detection, actually boarded a train and started apparently on a journey, but took at the next station a train back to the city, and stopped at a hotel a few blocks from home. Then the wedding guests were permitted to stay at the feast as long as they pleased, without disturbing anybody."—*New York Sun*.

THEM DOCTORS.

WHAT AN OLD WOMAN THINKS OF THEM.

I had just unfolded the daily and settled back in the seat for a pull at the news, when she reached over and poked me in the neck with her yellow parasol and called out:

'Has them tarnel doctors killed the President yet?'

She was an old-fashioned, motherly woman, never traveling without a vial of peppermint, and having a hawk's eye for every patch of smart weed and bunch of catnip along the line.

'The President is able to sit up.'

'I don't believe it—don't believe one end of no such story!' she said as she left her bundles and boxes and parcels, and came over to share my seat.

'But the papers say so.'

'I don't keer no two cents for no papers! I tell you the President hasn't bin doctored right any of the time, and nobody kin make me believe that he's gittin' better. Young man are you a doctor?'

'No, ma'am.'

'You needn't 'mam' me, because I'm a plain woman. It's a pity you ain't a doctor, for I could prove yo a humbug in about two minutes. Do you know what is killing off so many folks in this country?'

'It's death, isn't it?'

'Of course it's death—death and the doctors! And them doctors have done their very best to kill the President! Do you remember what they done the day he was shot?'

'Um. Let's see. Probed for the ball and gave him morphine, didn't they?'

'They did,' she replied, as she jammed the parasol in my ribs. 'That's just what killed my nephew in the army. He was shot by a common ball and them doctors probed and probed, and when they had got around to decide that the ball had gone clean through him and knocked off the roof of a barn half a mile away, the poor boy was dead. Murfeen! I have saved over one hundred naybors from the grave, and I never set eyes on murfeen! How much I have pitied the poor President, and how I have wished I was there!'

'What for?'

'What fur? Why, to turn them tarnel doctors out doors, and have the President out chopping wood in four weeks! It makes me billing mad to read their way of treating him.'

'What would you have done?'

'Don't ask me—don't ask me! I feel like spanking the whole crowd! Have you read the papers every day?'

'Yes.'

'Well have you read that they have probed his feet one single time since the day he was shot?'

'No.'

'Of course you haven't! Did they put horse-radish drafts on his feet?'

'Not once.'

'Have they given him a smartweed sweat?'

'No.'

'Or tried mustard poultices?'

'No.'

'Has he had one single drink of catnip tea since he was shot?'

'No.'

'Have they used any flaxseed about him?'

'No.'

'Haven't heard of their digging any guagum, sarsaparilla, wild turnip, sweet flag, burdock or sweet sicily?'

'No.'

'No, you haven't!' she exclaimed, as she just missed my nose with that amiable parsol. 'All they have done is to talk about his perspiration being up to 103, his normal pulse and temperature from 80 to 68. If it was me my temperature would be up to 300, and I'd make things hum! It's the shamefacedest case I ever heard of, and you just mark what I tell yo—that them tarnal doctors will sniff at lobelia and number six and turn up their noses at mustard plasters till all of a sudden the President will begin to sink and sink, and even cold sage tea and mutton tallow won't save him!'—*Detroit Free Press*.

Incident of Lincoln's Murder.

'There are not cheerful looking things, are they?' said Counselor M. A. Macdonald as he sauntered into the office of the United States Marshal a few days ago, and pointed to a pair of handcuffs which were lying on the table.

'Well, not especially enlivening,' replied a deputy picking up the rogues' bracelets and examining them thoughtfully.

'There was one time that I thought they were the most cheerless and terrible things in the world.'

The deputy looked up in surprise.

'Yes, continued Mr. Macdonald, I had them on both my hands and feet at once for a number of hours. I assure you that they are not pleasant things to wear.'

'Were they put on to keep you a prisoner?' queried the deputy, wondering if his friend could have done anything criminal.

'You would have thought so had you been in my place. I was arrested by officers who thought I was J. Wilkes Booth.'

'No?' ejaculated the deputy, more as an expression of surprise than an intentional reflection upon the veracity of Mr. Macdonald.

'It came about this way,' began the lawyer, whose dark hair and eyes, even now that sixteen years have passed, bear a striking resemblance to those of the assassin of Lincoln. 'Lincoln had been murdered but a few days, and the entire country was plunged in grief and the desire for revenge on the assassins. My home was in Titusville, Pa., and I was on my way to it from Washington, where my father was then a government contractor. The route was by the way of Erie. The train had left Erie and gone perhaps a dozen miles when a couple of officers surprised me by putting me under arrest and clapped handcuffs on my wrists and manacles on my feet. In vain I protested. They would not believe that I was not Wilkes Booth. To add to the unpleasantness of the thing, and a fact which also gave color to the belief that I was the president's assassin, it was well known that Booth had interests in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and had been there a number of times.

'The men who arrested me did so upon the strength of my great resemblance to a picture of Booth which they had in their possession. When it became known on the train that the assassin of Lincoln had been arrested and was on that very train the excitement was intense. The officers who were guarding me had all they could do to prevent the infuriated passengers from doing me bodily harm.

'It had been telegraphed all along the lines of the road that Lincoln's murderer was under arrest and would pass through on his way to Titusville. At every station the train was met by infuriated men who climbed upon wood piles to get a glimpse of me, and many times on the journey I feared that the mob would get possession of me. When the train reached Corry a certain man boarded the train who knew me. But the officers would not listen to him, and it was not until Titusville was reached, where every man, woman and child knew me, that the handcuffs and manacles were removed from my wrists and ankles and I set at liberty. I have the photograph which furnished the clue to the officers who arrested me, in my possession now.

THE sale of public lands this year have exceeded those of any year in the history of the government. It is estimated by the land office that during '81, the continued extraordinary competition, the transactions of the current fiscal year will exceed that of last year.

The Editorial Desk.

People have heard for centuries of the museum which is contained in a boy's pockets, and the wild and dazzling array of curiosities from the four quarters of the globe, which are concealed in the recesses of a young lady's portmonnaie, but it has remained for the heaven-born genius who pens these lines to write up the editor's desk.

For the sake of convenience, we will take our own desk and dissect it.

The desk on which we are writing is a flat black walnut arrangement, with drawers on the left down to the floor, and pigeon-holes on the right, leaving a square aperture between, through which we run our legs, allowing them to protrude about a yard beyond the desk, and to dally with the letter-press on the other side. While writing a deep and particularly choice and all-wool editorial, we scratch one foot against the other and dig our toes into the carpet.

We state this simply to enlighten the average reader on one of the peculiar phases of genius.

On the top of the desk are the *Free Press*, *Hustler*, *Oil City Derrick*, and some other exchanges, with their vitals cut out. Near by are the iron scissors, with wabbly blades, that have done the damage.

There is also a glass inkstand, with some coagulated ink and dead flies in it, a match box with no matches in it, four crippled and disabled pens, a pile of neglected and room covered bills with the editor's name at the head, and apparently sent by angry mouse parties, as there is no signature to the bottom.

Then there is a cob pipe, with the end of the stem chewed up, and showing what an inspired guide the editor holds it by when he writes a poem on "The Cold, Dead Memories of the Busted Past."

On top of all these, some blank paper and manuscript are corded about nine feet high.

In the first drawer are some envelopes, an unanswered letter from Queen Victoria, and a package of Old Judge smoking tobacco.

In the second drawer there are a lot of letter heads, some bill heads, a poem on "Towser's Excursion on the Plume," and a pair of kids once white as beautiful snow, but now considerably damaged.

Then there is a faded sprig of mignonette, or catnip, or something of that character, a bit of pale blue ribbon that fell from her hair in the cherished long ago, and near it a forgotten $30 gold piece, an annual pass over the Panama canal, a defunct meal ticket and a clove.

In the third drawer is a letter from Roscoe Conkling acknowledging the receipt of the last speech we wrote for him and promising us that he would quit chewing tobacco next fall. Then there are a lot of expired passes over various eastern roads, an old deck of cards that we secured at great cost intending to write a caustic article on the vice of High Low Jack and the Game.

In the pigeon-holes are letters from Eli Perkins and Mr. Childs, and a poem on "The Bare-Eyed Polly wog's Sorrowful End," by Henry Ward Beecher, but having been written on both sides, it was laid aside.

Then there are also, an assortment of fly hooks, some silk line, and a leather covered Etruscan jar, with the almost forgotten fragrance inside, of rattlesnake antidote and cramp discourager. Then there is a leather book with another assortment of hooks, one still baited with the dried mummy of a grasshopper.

Beside these there are two stubs of lead pencils, a cigar-holder, a well-worn Bible, and a confidential postal card from George Washington, asking if it would be advisable to cross the Delaware on the ice in August.

In a little box, snugly imbedded in jeweler's cotton, is a bent and disfigured suspender button, rusted with innumerable tear drops and grimy with time and disuse. It is all that is mortal of the man who asked: "Is this hot enough for you?"—*New Boomerang*.

Determined Success.

The writer who talks of the great things that may be achieved by a determined will—by an intense, continuous act of volition to do and be such and such a thing—forgets that this power of willing strongly is, to a large extent, a gift of nature, and as rare as any great thing in the world. As a sensible writer says: "A man starts on his career with a tacit understanding with himself, that he is to rise. It is a step-by-step progress. He probably has no distinct aim. It is only in books that he resolves from the first dawning of ambition to become owner of such an estate, or Bishop of such a see. But he means to get on, and labors to that end. He fixes his thought beyond immediate self-indulgence, chooses his friends as they will help the main design, falls in love on the same principle and habitually deferring to a vague but glowing future, learns to work toward it, and for its sake to be self-denying and long sighted.

His instincts quicken; he puts forth feelers, which, seen who take their pleasure from hand to mouth, have no use for; he lives in habitual caution, with an eye always to the main chance. Thus he refines and enhances that natural discretion which doubles the weight and value of every other gift, and yet keeps them on an unobtrusive level, leaving itself the most notable quality, till he is universally pronounced the man made to get on by people who do not know that it is a steady will that has made and kept him what he is."

One Other Fact

"Are you acquainted with this lady?" asked a Little Rock lawyer of a witness in court.

"Yes, I used to know her pretty well, but I have lost track of her for several years."

"Were you intimately acquainted with her?"

"Can't say that I was on powerful hail-mate. Thrown as intimate as we ought to have been."

"You visited her at one time, didn't you?" and the lawyer, who in a sly way was trying to impeach the character of the woman, looked at the jury and winked.

"Well, she used to come to my house occasionally."

"Will you allow me to ask," and again he looked at the jury, "whether this woman visited you in the day time or at night?"

"Sometimes she would come to my house in broad daylight."

"Would there be any one else in the house?"

"Not usually."

"That settles it. Gentlemen of the jury, you cannot but discredit the testimony of a woman—"

"Hold on a minute," said the witness, "there's one other fact, that you ought to know before you are too hard on the woman."

"What is that, sir?"

"Nothing much; only she used to be my wife."

Stories of Beasts and Birds.

The Albany (Ga.) *News and Advertiser* tells of a deer that sprang from a train just after passing Walker station, and in the animal's fright ran through the baggage car, both doors of which were wide open.

A little daughter of Charles Neubert of Wyandotte, Mo., found a nest of quail's eggs and placed them in a corn cupola in the house. A few days later it was found that some of the eggs had hatched, and the quail were in the act of breaking their shell.

R. W. Swatt, of Hawkinsville, Georgia, bears witness to a breed of chickens on the place of David E. Smithhart, of Wilcox county, that have no feathers but a silken fur of down. They are clumsy in action and shape, and unable to fly up to roost.

A dog that bears through an ear trumpet and wears spectacles belongs to Patrick Nichols, of Milwaukee, Wis. This animal is said to be 34 years of age, and has lost his hearing and sight, and has master for his many years of fidelity procured these aids to cheer him. A set of artificial teeth are also being made for him.

A cat belonging to a lady of Jersey City Heights awoke her mistress hurriedly at 2 o'clock at night. She arose, and going out upon the landing, saw a man upon the stairway in the act of striking a match. Seeing the cat the lady threw it upon the burglar, who ran into the street shrieking with pain from scratches on his face.

Dr Barton, of Los Angeles, has a pointer dog, Don, that he left with a friend, twenty five miles from home, while he took a six months' tour over the country. The very hour the doctor reached home the dog trotted into town to greet his old master and had not before shown any disposition to leave his new place, twenty-five miles away.

The two year old child of S J Drinkwater, of White Plains, N Y while playing in the street, was supposed by his dog to be in danger of being run over. He jumped into the street and threw his front legs about the child and endeavored to pull it to the side walk. Finding that he was unable to accomplish this, he pushed the child down and spread himself over it, with his four legs out side in which position he remained until the horse and carriage passed.

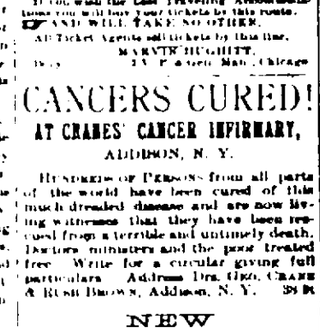
Carlo a bundle building belonging to Eli Clark of Norwich, Conn., discovered a fire in a stall occupied by a valuable horse. It was night, and Carlo rushed into the stall pulled the burning blanket from the horse back it into the street, returning to the stable ate injured to put out the fire to the straw with his feet. He succeeded in scratching the straw away from the already terribly burned beast and then with almost human intelligence endeavored to loosen the halter which held the horse a prisoner. But assistance came to him and he was relieved. Carlo and the horse were badly burned.

Nothing the Effects.

R Gibbs of Buffalo, N Y, writes: "Hearing your Burdock Blood Bitters favorably spoken of, I was induced to watch their effects and find that in chronic diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys your bitters have been signally marked with success. I have used them myself with the best results for torpidity of the liver, and in the case of a friend of mine suffering from dropsy the effect was marvelous." Free $1.00 trial size 10 cents. For sale by A B Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

Beds of Down Feel Hard

All beds seem hard to the rheumatic. Then harken ye peevish sufferers! Apply Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil to your aching joints and muscles. Rely upon it that you will experience speedy relief. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have used it. The remedy is likewise successfully resorted to for throat and lung diseases, sprains, bruises, etc. Sold by A B Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.



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GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
IS THE BEST OF TONICS,
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Wm. Ely, New Brighton, N. J., says: "Asiatic Ague Cure completely removed one of Chills and Fever which had for many years, in other cases my wife received Power and Agues."

J. B. Brown, of Beloit, Ans., Jersey City, N. J., writes: "I purchased the Ague Cure and desire to say that you got me relief. I used your Asiatic Ague Cure and removed me of Chills and Fever. I find it excellent for the liver."

S. F. Horton, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Asiatic Cure relieved me of Dyspepsia, whose everything else had failed."

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E. A. Brown, 200 Hilton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I find your medicine to act like a charm on the Liver, and just what I needed for purifying and cooling the blood."

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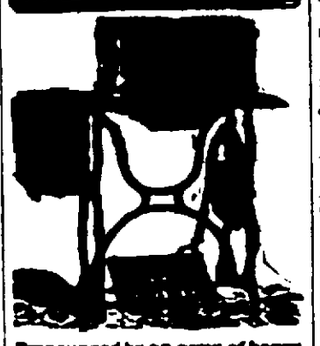

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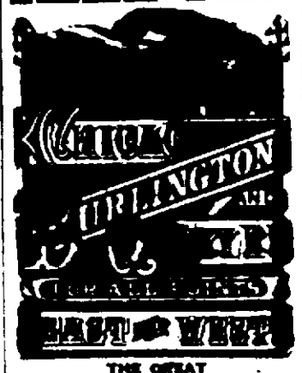

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LINES OF TRAVEL.

McKEAN & BUFFALO RAILROAD

Time table went into effect Monday, July 4th, 1881, at 6:00 o'clock, a. m.

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL—Leaves Lewetton at 10 a. m., arriving at Frisbee 11:05; Bradford, 11:45; Foreman's Valley, 11:55; Smethport, 12:30 p. m.; Dunday, 12:50; Cyclone, 1:05; Mandale, 1:15; Wetmore, 1:25; Clermont, 1:35.

EXPRESS, No. 4.—Leaves Lewetton 4:30 p. m., arriving at Frisbee 4:55; Jct. 4 to 4:55; Foreman's Valley 5:05; Smethport 5:30 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION, No. 6.—Leaves Lewetton 2:30 p. m., arriving at Frisbee 3:00; Jct. 6 to 3:00; Foreman's Valley 3:15; Smethport 3:30 p. m.

LOCAL, No. 10, second class.—Leaves Lewetton 5:30 p. m., arriving at Frisbee 5:55; Knapp's 6:00; Foreman's Valley 6:10; Smethport 6:30; Gaskey 6:40; Annin, Mandale 6:50; Wetmore 7:00; Clermont 7:10.

CLERMONT COAL, Second Class, No. 20—Leaves Lewetton 6:30 a. m., arriving at Frisbee 6:55; Knapp's 7:00; Foreman's Valley 7:10; Smethport 7:30; Gaskey 7:40; Annin, Mandale 7:50; Wetmore 8:00; Clermont 8:10.

NORTHWARD.

EXPRESS, No. 1.—Leaves Clermont 7:50 a. m., arriving at Wetmore at 8:00; Mandale 8:05; Annin 8:15; Gaskey 8:25; Smethport 8:35; Foreman's Valley 8:45; Knapp's 8:50; Frisbee 8:55; Lewetton 9:05.

MAIL, No. 3.—Leaves Clermont at 1:30 p. m., arriving at Wetmore at 1:40; Mandale 1:45; Cyclone 1:55; Gaskey 2:00; Smethport 2:20; Foreman's Valley 2:30; Knapp's 2:35; Frisbee 2:40; Lewetton 2:50.

ACCOMMODATION, No. 5.—Leaves Smethport 8:30 a. m., arriving at Foreman's Valley 8:50; Knapp's 8:55; Frisbee 9:00; Lewetton 9:10.

LOCAL AND ACCOM., No. 15—Leaves Smethport 4:30 p. m., arriving at Foreman's Valley 4:50; Knapp's 4:55; Frisbee 5:00; Lewetton 5:10.

BUFFALO COAL, No. 17.—Leaves Clermont at 4:40 p. m., arriving at Wetmore at 4:50; Mandale 5:00; Cyclone 5:10; Gaskey 5:20; Smethport 5:30; Foreman's Valley 5:40; Knapp's 5:50; Frisbee 6:00; Lewetton 6:10.

Trains will not stop at stations marked with a star (*) unless signal is given to stop at stations marked thus (†) when flagged.

S. V. GODDEN,
Superintendent.

Pennsylvania Railroad:

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

Summer Time Table.

On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div. will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Niagara Ex. leaves Philadelphia ..... 9 00 a. m.
" " " Renovo ..... 2 05 p. m.
" " " Driftwood ..... 3 00 "
" " " Emporium ..... 4 50 "
" " " St. Mary's ..... 5 50 "
" " arrive at Ridgway ..... 6 45 "
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia ..... 11 45 p. m.
" " " Renovo ..... 5 05 a. m.
" " " Driftwood ..... 6 00 "
" " " Emporium ..... 7 30 "
" " " St. Mary's ..... 8 30 "
" " arrive at Erie ..... 9 45 "

EASTWARD.

DAY EX. leaves Kane ..... 8 00 a. m.
" " arrive at Phila. ..... 6 00 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie ..... 11 25 a. m.
" " arrive at Phila. ..... 7 30 p. m.

Buy Keystone and Niagara Express connect East with L. S. Div. and B. N. Y. & P. R. R.

Wm. A. BALDWIN,
Gen'l Supt.

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD Time Table. Taken effect Monday, December 26, 1881.

SOUTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	1	3	5	7
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford.....Dep	7 00	1 45	4 45	9 00
Erie Crossing	7 04	1 49	4 49	9 04
Tarport	7 14	1 59	4 59	9 14
Custer	7 20	2 05	5 05	9 20
Shadywood	7 25	2 10	5 10	9 25
Forest	7 30	2 15	5 15	9 30
Taylor	7 35	2 20	5 20	9 35
Maplewood	7 40	2 25	5 25	9 40
Kinzua Junction	7 45	2 30	5 30	9 45
Melvin	7 50	2 35	5 35	9 50
Middle City	7 55	2 40	5 40	9 55
Bixbi tunnel	8 00	2 45	5 45	10 00
Bear City	8 05	2 50	5 50	10 05
Bordell.....Ar.	8 10	2 55	5 55	10 10
Bordell.....Dep	7 15	3 00	6 00	10 15
Bartonia	7 20	3 05	6 05	10 20
Albion	7 25	3 10	6 10	10 25
Alton	7 30	3 15	6 15	10 30
Davis Switch	7 35	3 20	6 20	10 35
Van Vleet's	7 40	3 25	6 25	10 40
Simpson	7 45	3 30	6 30	10 45
Dressler's	7 50	3 35	6 35	10 50
Smethport.....Ar.	8 00	3 45	6 45	11 00

NORTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	2	4	6	8
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Smethport.....Dep	8 30	4 15	7 15	11 30
Dressler's	8 40	4 25	7 25	11 40
Simpson	8 45	4 30	7 30	11 45
Van Vleet's	8 50	4 35	7 35	11 50
Davis Switch	8 55	4 40	7 40	11 55
Alton	9 00	4 45	7 45	12 00
Albion	9 05	4 50	7 50	12 05
Bartonia	9 10	4 55	7 55	12 10
Bordell	9 15	5 00	8 00	12 15
Bear City	9 20	5 05	8 05	12 20
Bixbi tunnel	9 25	5 10	8 10	12 25
Middle City	9 30	5 15	8 15	12 30
Melvin	9 35	5 20	8 20	12 35
Kinzua Junction	9 40	5 25	8 25	12 40
Maplewood	9 45	5 30	8 30	12 45
Taylor	9 50	5 35	8 35	12 50
Forest	9 55	5 40	8 40	12 55
Shadywood	10 00	5 45	8 45	1 00
Custer	10 05	5 50	8 50	1 05
Tarport	10 10	5 55	8 55	1 10
Erie Crossing	10 17	6 02	9 02	1 17
Bradford.....Ar	10 20	6 15	9 15	1 20

Trains will be run by New York time. Driving Court week Sept. 5, p. m. train will be held for Bradford Special 9:30 p. m.

All Passenger Trains make direct connections at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from New York and Philadelphia.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Bradford at 9:45 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Leave Smethport at 8:35 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

B. C. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R'y.

Trains Run on Buffalo Time.

NO SUNDAY TRAINS.

EASTWARD.	STATIONS.	WESTWARD.
a. m. p. m.		a. m. p. m.
8 00 1 30	Buffalo	10 00 5 30
8 10 1 45	Rhodes	9 45 5 15
8 20 1 55	Spring Brook	9 35 5 05
8 30 2 05	Hall	9 25 4 55
8 40 2 15	Jamison	9 15 4 45
8 50 2 25	East Aurora	9 05 4 35
9 00 2 35	Wales	8 55 4 25
9 10 2 45	Freedom	8 45 4 15
9 20 2 55	E. A. & B. R. R. Junction	8 35 4 05
9 30 3 05	Cattaraugus	8 25 3 55
9 40 3 15	Machias	8 15 3 45
9 50 3 25	Franklinville	8 05 3 35
10 00 3 35	Ellicott	7 55 3 25
10 10 3 45	Lairdsville	7 45 3 15
10 20 3 55	Forest Mills	7 35 3 05
10 30 4 05	Liberty	7 25 2 55
10 40 4 15	Keating	7 15 2 45
10 50 4 25	Shippen	7 05 2 35
11 00 4 35	Kinsua	6 55 2 25
11 10 4 45	Portville	6 45 2 15
11 20 4 55	Olean	6 35 2 05
11 30 5 05	Erie Way Junction	6 25 1 55
11 40 5 15	Hinsdale	6 15 1 45
11 50 5 25	Dunkirk	6 05 1 35
p.m. a. m.	Lv.	Ar. a.m. p.m.

CONNECTIONS.

At Buffalo, with all Railroads diverging.
At A. & E. R. Junction, with B. & N. Y. Ry.
At Machias Junction, with Buffalo & N. Y. Ry.
At Erie Way Junction, with Buffalo & N. Y. Ry.
At Olean, with D. L. & W. Ry. for Binghamton.
At Hinsdale, with D. L. & W. Ry. for Scranton.
At Dunkirk, with N. Y. P. & O. Ry.
At Lairdsville, with Buffalo & N. Y. Ry.
At Keating, with Buffalo & N. Y. Ry.
Trains leaving Buffalo at 1 p. m. makes direct connection at Kinzua Junction for points South and East. Through Sleeping Car from Emporium.

F. E. BUELL, Gen. Pass. Agent.
C. F. DALY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
DON E. GAUCHER, Gen. Supt.
In effect Oct. 17, 1881.

L. M. RAUB,

Surgeon Dentist,

Belmar, N. Co. N. J.

Teeth Extracted

WITHOUT PAIN.

By the use of Dr. Von Bonhorst's Anæsthetic and Ozone.

If correspondence of confidential and professional character is desired, address as above.

Parties wishing dental services at their homes can be accommodated promptly by dropping me a postal card.

Will be at Smethport

At the Wright House

Sept. 20th & 21st, 1881.

Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls in Bradford or their vicinity.

LOTS FOR BUILDING PURPOSES

—AT—

Farmers' Valley Depot.

The undersigned is prepared to [illegible] very low rates, [illegible] Far